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Letter Written by Victor A. Speert to Edith Speert Dated December 27, 1944

Victor A. Speert

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27 December 1944
Somewhere in Belgium

My adorable Sweetheart,

Today was a joyous day for me for it signaled the resumption of mail. Yes, darling I received a V-mail from you dated Dec. 4, an air mail from Capt. Han spent in the APO dated Dec. 15 and the best of all a 4pg. air mail letter from you dated Dec. 16. In addition to the above I received a box containing cookies, etc. from Aunt Sadie - Good old Aunt Sadie.

This mail out-going situation is really funny. I gave some letters which I wrote three days ago to a fellow officer to mail for me since he had to make a trip to Holland. Sure enough, he forgot his & my letters. For the past 3 days we had no APO set up here. Today, when the APO finally sets up here the Br mail clerk finds the sack of mail (outgoing) among his incoming mail. No doubt the APO clerk made a mistake. Result: The letters which I wrote to you 5 days ago will probably go out tomorrow - if everything is O.K. -

Before I forget Lt. Alvoird Haygood is the Puppa of a baby boy. His wife gave birth on Dec. 13 and he received the wire today. He was going around in circles all day today. His address at home is:

⁴⁴⁰⁵
Lt. Alvoird Haygood
M-2 - Bilbo St.
Orange, Texas.

While I'm writing this letter, I'm munching on some of the honey-covered crinkles - Very good - so are the brownies. The weather still continues to be cold (very cold) but as long as the sun comes out I don't kick.

Both Shelton and Haygood received your V-mail today and showed them to me. Haygood's reply was: "Vic, your wife is making love to you through me."

Everybody knows all about my wonderful wife and I don't mince words in telling them about you. Honey. Strange as it may seem, I don't boast either, merely state facts.

Have you heard anything about the October allotment & bond adjustment yet? Have you written to New Jersey again in that regard?

Today I am smoking a long clay pipe & I picked some up for some of the officers in a little store and we are having fun smoking them. Anything for a laugh these days.

The American Standard of war seems ironic at times. Despite the struggles and death of its soldiers it does everything it possibly can to give them turkey on Christmas and even today we distributed PX rations to the soldiers - a truly great army only is capable of doing this.

I'm glad to read that Byrnes (war manpower commissioner) finally got tough! With remorse, I say, that the Americans needed a "kick in the pants" to wake them out of their doldrums thinking that the war was already won.

I am enclosing a clipping from the "Stars & Stripes" which will give you a better idea as to why the Belgians despise the "Boche" - our enemy. I want the people in the United States to know the Boche as he actually is. Along with that clipping was the story of the greatest sacrifice man can make - that's what burns me up when I hear about the way some people at home feel about the war. Do you see my point, darling?

Harry Speert writes me that he is located in the vicinity of Paris and should I ever get a pass he should like to arrange a meeting. He's a good kid and if anything like the above should ever materialize I'd like to see him.

Did you ever receive any of the stuff I sent you? It presumes it takes much longer for a package to come to you than it takes for one to come to me.

Mimi and Joseph are still two of the most adorable kids I've ever seen. Mimi is really a little dear. She follows me around like a pet kitten. The little snapshot I sent you doesn't begin to do her justice. She has a tuft of curl across the top of her hair just like you wear it.

The magazines you send me are excellent and I appreciate your sending me magazines whenever you can. If you can read "Fyles' Brave Men", do so - it's an excellent book and gives you a good slant on the dough-boy - of whom I think the world is all blacking. How you dream! Someone would gather that I really please you. After all, dear, I do my best. When I read the description of your dream I got all "hot and bothered". I can't afford those kind of dreams or else I'd be constantly washing my clothes(?). Sweetheart, you are the perfect mate that a man searches for all his life. Every one of your thoughts, your actions, your desires, and your moods seem to blend into mine divinely. Gosh, if I could only do some of the things that you dream about! There'll come a day I promise you.

See, dearest. I've got to attend to a few little things so I'll say good night and pleasant dreams. You're forever in my thoughts.

Love

Vic